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Lady Windermere. That woman is not coming here to-night!

Lord Windermere. [R C.] Mrs, Erlynne is coming here, and if you in any way annoy or wound her., you will bring shame and sorrow on us both. Remember that! Ah, Margaret! only trust me! A wife should trust her husband!

Lady Windermere. [C¹.] London is full of women who trust their husbands. One can always recognize them. They look so thoroughly unhappy. I am not going to be one of them. [Moves up.~] Lord Darlington, will you give me back my fan, please? Thanks. . . . A useful thing a fan, isn't it? . . . I want a friend to-night, Lord Darlington: I didn't know I would want one so soon.

Lord Darlington. Lady Windermere! I knew the time would come some day; but why to-night?

Lord Windermere. I will tell her. I must. It would be terrible if there were any scene. Margaret . . .

Parker. Mrs. Erlynne •

[*Lord Windermere starts. Mrs. Erlynne enters very fully dressed and very dignified. Lady Windermere clutches at her Jan, then lets it drop on the floor. She bows coldly to Mrs. Erlynne, who bows to her sweetly in turn, and sails into the room.*]

Lord Darlington. You have dropped your fan, Lady Windermere.

[*Picks it up and hands it to her.*]

Mrs. Erlynne. [C7.] How do you do, again, Lord Windermere? How charming your sweet wife looks! Quite a picture!

Lord Windermere. [In a low voice.] It was terribly rash of you to come!

Mrs. Erlynne. [Smiling.] The wisest thing I ever did in my life. And, by the way, you must pay me a good deal of attention this evening. I am afraid of the women. You must introduce me to some of them. The men I can always manage. How do you do, Lord Augustus? You have quite neglected me lately. I have not seen you since yesterday. I am afraid you're faithless. Every one told me so.

Lord Augustus. [R.] Now really, Mrs. Erlynne, allow me to explain.

Mrs. Erlynne. [R C.] No, dear Lord Augustus, you can't explain anything. It is your chief charm.

Lord Augustus. Ah! if you find charms in me, Mrs.

Erlynne

[*They converse together. Lord Windermere moves uneasily about the room watching Mrs. Erlynne.*]

Lord Darlington. [To Lady Windermere.] How pale you are!